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No. 47.

## THE CENTURY BIRD.

BY W. H. WOODBRIDGE.

Oh! Century Bird, proud lord of the air,  
With gale-piercing pinions, that sweep  
Swift down,  
Thy talons are power, up, up shall thou  
Toss!

And the rest of a year be to thee as an hour.  
Chorus—Oh! Bird, white crested,  
Of silver symbol,  
Thy talons of steel mate the  
glance of thine eye,  
Those broad waving pinions  
glide over dominions,  
From ocean to ocean, no  
bounds to thy sky.

Red lightning of war have flashed in the  
sky,  
Soundest nest wild and rugged, on rock lone  
and high,  
Rough, rude was thy birth, but sunshine  
burst forth,  
And thou the dawn war-cloud, shed light on  
the earth.

Chorus—Oh! Bird, etc.  
Oh! Bird of our country, thy century of  
years,  
Has loomed to the light while the nation's  
young heart,  
On story as bright no mark of time's night  
shall dim thy proud plumage or shadow thy  
feath.

Chorus—Oh! Bird, etc.

## NED'S HOLIDAY.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Little Ned Armstrong's heart ached  
for a holiday. A holiday suggestive of  
long, dreamy rambles through sunny  
fields and shady woodlands, and a dabb-  
ling of brown feet in the warm waters  
of brooks whose silvery murmur was the  
sweetest music Ned had ever heard.

But what right had he to a holiday?  
A poor, little ten-year-old orphan,  
bound to an exacting master, who had  
forgotten the sunny rambles so dear to  
his own boyish heart, and who resolutely  
shut his ears to all Ned's appeals for a  
holiday.

Yet Ned longed for it day and night,  
And incessant longing added to that  
hopeless craving after something or some  
fragment of lost happiness, apart from  
the dull routine of his daily life,  
whitened his thin cheeks and left purple  
saddens under the dreamy, hazel eyes so  
full of pathetic sadness and weariness.

For ever since Ned had been old  
enough to know what pain was he had  
never been without physical pain. Now  
it was here, now it was there, but al-  
ways somewhere, sapping the strength  
out of the boy's limbs and the buoyancy  
of the hungry child's heart. Yet  
Ned never complained, for he had an  
indistinct idea that complaints in his  
case would meet with little sympathy.

He remembered though how tenderly  
his dear, dead mother had soothed away  
every ache in the happy days of his  
childhood, and how her low voice had  
often lulled him to sleep. Ah! many a  
sleepless night poor little Ned spent  
thinking over her loving words and  
wondering why God did not take such a  
weak, useless little mortal to himself.  
Nobody cared for him as he tossed rest-  
lessly upon his cot-bed, and no mother's  
soft palms ever laid his throbbing  
temples in her's until the dreamy ache  
was chased away. And Ned grew  
hopeless and went about his work with  
such a tired look on his young face that  
his master chided him.

"Ned," he said to the lad one April  
morning, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," was Ned's reply as he  
humbly went about the counting room  
gathering up scraps of paper.

Mr. Nellis glanced at him sharply.  
"It's laziness," he muttered to himself,  
adding in a louder tone, "Ned, take  
this package of papers down to the bank  
and be lively about it."

"Yes, sir,"  
Ned took up the package and went  
out of the office slowly. But the bright  
sunshine gliding the city streets, the  
prow, bracing air and genial warmth of  
the April morning invigorated him, and  
renewed strength came into his weak  
body as he walked down to the bank.

He was back at the office in a short  
time, and stood before Mr. Nellis with  
glowing eyes.

"Please, sir," he said meekly, "can  
I have a holiday?"

"A what?"

Ned shrunk back and looked up in a  
nervous way at the hard face of Mr.  
Nellis.

"A holiday, sir, I would like to go  
out into the woods, and—"

"Nonsense! Who ever heard of such  
impudence! You must remember, sir,  
that your work here pays for your  
clothes and lodging now."

Ned shrunk farther away from his  
master, and wrung his little hands.

"Oh," he cried piteously, "please let  
me go out into the country one day, just  
one! I'm so tired and weak."

"Can't spare you. Short over those  
papers and handle your fingers," was  
his master's only reply.

Ned went back to his work. All that  
day and the next, and for many dreary  
days he toiled at work that would have  
broken down a more robust constitution.

"That bound-boy of your's is growing  
as thin as a shadow, Nellis," a friend  
said to the merchant about two weeks  
later. "What ails him?"

"Laziness."



"WHAT CAN WE DO WITH THIS?"—(See Fourth Page.)

"You work him too hard," said the  
gentleman dryly. "Fancy anybody  
doing his time about you."

Mr. Nellis laughed.

"I am a worker myself. I am teach-  
ing that boy habits of industry that will  
be the life of him."

"The death of him, you mean to say,  
Nellis. That boy is dying on his feet.

Take my advice and give him a day's  
rest, now and then."

"Thank you, Benton," said Mr. Nellis  
in a displeased tone. "Work won't kill  
anybody; and when Ned needs rest I will  
give it to him."

But when his friend left the office Mr.  
Nellis called Ned to him.

"You are not well, Ned?" Mr. Nellis  
said.

"Well enough, only weak," said Ned,  
sitting down on a low stool with one  
hand on his side.

"Have you any pain?"

"In my side and chest."

"Do you cough any?" Mr. Nellis  
glanced at the red spots on Ned's cheeks.

"Oh, yes, sir, I've coughed all winter."

"Well, Ned, if next Saturday is  
pleasant you can have it for a holiday,"  
said Mr. Nellis blandly.

"Thank you, sir," was Ned's pleased  
reply, as he jumped up and went back  
to his work.

Poor Ned! What a happy face he  
was after that! How the thoughts of  
that holiday cheered him! That night,  
after eating his cold supper, he went  
cheerily up to his six-by-nine room in  
the attic of Mr. Nellis's mansion, and  
kneeling down by his little bed and prayed  
that God would spare him another  
week for Ned felt the weakness of  
death creeping over him and yearned  
for a glimpse of the meadows around  
the old church-yard, where his parents

sleep their last sleep. Meadows so fair,  
sunny and starred with flowers that Ned  
fancied they must be types of the hap-  
piness meadows beyond the river.

Ned lay awake for hours that night  
thinking of the treat in store for him.  
His earliest and happiest years had been  
spent in the country where trees sheltered  
the brown cottage from the noonday  
heat, and wild roses peeped in at the  
low windows as if curious of the hap-  
piness within. Ned remembered, as one  
remembers, a beautiful dream; how  
cool and damp were the buttercups;  
how crushed with his brown baby feet, and  
how his mother rumped with him under  
the trees, crowned him with violets and  
then tucked him under snowy covers in  
a tiny bed where Ned slept the sleep of  
innocence, guarded by the watchful eyes  
that, perhaps, were watching over him  
still.

"For surely mother and father can see  
me," he whispers softly as he looks up at  
the blue sky, where the sickle moon was  
slowly sailing through milk-white  
clouds, that Ned thought must be angels  
wings.

Sleep closed the weary eyelids at last,  
and the damp, musty air of the Nellis  
ware-rooms were forgotten; for the  
weakness and weariness that oppressed  
him during his waking hours, was felt  
no longer. For Ned lived over his hol-  
iday in his dreams, and Ned's first  
thought, when the morning broke, was  
of his holiday.

Saturday came at length, and Ned  
stood before Mr. Nellis, hat in hand.

"Can I go now, sir?"

The merchant dared not meet the  
child's eager eyes.

"I am sorry, Ned, but we cannot  
spare you to-day; some other day will

do as well," he said, as he turned to his  
desk.

"Oh, Mr. Nellis, you said to-day!"  
wailed Ned, his voice full of sadness and  
disappointment.

"No matter what I said," tartly re-  
sponded his master, "you cannot be  
spared to-day."

Ned turned away. All the strength  
seemed to be leaving his frail body. For  
there was nothing before him as yet like hope,  
and nothing could so down like hope de-  
ferred.

Ned went back to his duties, patiently  
and meekly, and without one hard  
thought against his master. He had  
endured so much that this disappoint-  
ment seemed only a part of his young  
life.

Mr. Nellis did not mean to be un-  
kind to him, he thought, but he might  
have kept his promise. It might seem a  
light matter to him, but a promise  
seemed a sacred obligation in Ned's  
eyes, and his master's words troubled  
him sorely.

"Some other day," might  
answer for him, a strong, healthy man,  
but not for Ned, who was hanging for  
a breath of pure air.

Time wore on, and May came, with-  
out Ned's holiday. He was still waiting  
for permission to go, but the hazel eyes  
had a restless, feverish light in them  
now, and a red spot glowed like a spark  
of flame on the wasted cheeks.

One evening he went home ill and  
tired, and was met by Mr. Nellis in the  
hall.

"Ned, go back to the office, and  
bring me a package of papers I left in  
my desk," he said, giving Ned a bunch  
of keys.

"I would rather lose half  
my fortune than those papers. So bring  
them home safe, Ned, and I'll let  
you have as much to yourself."

That was only in truly educated who  
has been so trained in his youth that his  
body is the ready servant of his will,  
and performs with ease and pleasure all  
the work that as a mechanism, it is  
capable of doing.

Ned's eyes glistened.

"You'll keep your  
word this time?" he  
questioned as he took  
the bunch of keys.

"Most assuredly I  
will," smiled Mr. Nellis,  
who really meant to  
keep his word. He did  
not intend to mislead or  
treat the boy unkindly,  
but he was a man who  
loved this world's wealth  
too well to give his care  
or time to the welfare of  
the poor bound boy; for-  
getting in his greedy lust  
for gain that some day  
this child's soul might  
be required of him.

Meantime Ned was on  
the street, on his way to  
the office. He had a flash  
of gazing upward as he  
walked, and as the  
night had settled down  
over the busy city, and  
the hilltops in the dis-  
tance were tipped with the  
lingering glow of a gor-  
geous sunset, the sky was  
inexpressibly beautiful.

In fact, Ned forgot how  
weak and ill he was, and  
fell to wondering what  
made such a glow in the  
east, or where the purple  
smoke came from as  
that curled up to the  
azure sky, like a serpent,  
fold upon fold.

"Fire!" rang out the  
brass bells, and as Ned  
quickened his steps, he  
saw the Nellis block was  
in flames.

"The papers!" he  
cried, and ran swiftly  
down the street.

The ware-rooms of his mas-  
ter were a mass of flames.  
Ned pushed his way  
through the crowd,  
and made a rush for the  
door that led into his  
master's room.

"I must go in!" he  
cried to a man, who op-  
posed his entrance.

"I must save the papers,"  
said Ned, and followed  
the fireman, "the walls  
may fall in an instant."

"I must, indeed, I must!"  
cried the fireman, and  
pushed the boy, who  
was breaking from the  
man and rushing into the  
flames, which filled the  
room.

How Ned reached the  
desk and secured the  
package of papers, none  
but God ever knew; but  
a deafening shout went  
up when Ned staggered  
out into the street, hat-  
less and scorched, with  
the intense heat. His  
hands clasped a bundle  
of papers, and he was  
stuttering faintly.

"I've got 'em—every  
one!"

"Ned!" shouted Mr.  
Nellis, who had heard  
the alarm and followed  
the boy, "have you  
saved them?"

"All right, sir," gasped  
Ned, falling into his  
master's arms.

"Ned, you're a hero. You shall have  
a month's rest for this!" said Mr. Nel-  
lis, as he bore the boy to a place of  
safety.

"Rouse up, Ned; don't you  
want a holiday?"

"I've got it," gasped poor Ned, as  
a smile parted his blue lips. He was  
dead.

And Mr. Nellis knew Ned's holiday  
would be spent among the fields beyond  
Jordan, and would last forever.

LACONIC.—This very often shows  
the bright side of a man. It brings out  
his happier nature, and shows of what  
sort of stuff he is made. Somewhere we  
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We do not mean a mere snigger, but a  
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## JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDOCK.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

(This story was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54.  
Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XL.—(CONTINUED.)

Naomi was glad to think that she was  
going to see something cheerful. The  
gloom of the dining-room had been  
more depressing than the ghastly pal-  
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They went up the uncarpeted stair-  
case to a gallery which occupied the  
whole length of the house, with a row  
of narrow windows looking westward,  
and a deep eaken seat in each window.  
Here there were family portraits of the  
usual character, one piece, half-  
piece, and a Dutch picture or two to  
give a touch of human interest to the  
collection. Here too there were some  
old delf jars filled with dried rose-leaves  
—roses that had been gathered by Ag-  
nes when she was now dead, and which ex-  
haled an odour of the past.

Overhead showed his betrothed the un-  
tenanted room, all neatly kept by the  
indefatigable housemaid. The room  
that had been his mother's was the pret-  
tiest Naomi had seen yet. The white  
walls, embellished with carved garlands  
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tween the windows, local shells and  
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Naomi went eagerly to look at the  
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—Spenser, Cowley, Dryden,  
Prior, Pope—in white vellum, with  
gilded lettering. The Emorys, in neat  
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ings. Richardson's voluminous novels,  
in this octavo, bound in brown. Naomi  
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The great world of books was an un-  
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Death, Satan and his Council, which she  
used to look at shudderingly in her  
childhood, and those books of a theo-  
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formed the staple of the minister's small  
collection.

Naomi, like those of his Bible and those  
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had been too full and busy to permit of  
his acquiring the habits of a student.

He read the Scriptures, or Baxter's  
Saint's Rest, or Law's Serious Call by  
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"What dear little books!" exclaimed  
Naomi, admiring the neat rows of thin  
volumes, literature spread over a wide  
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Naomi was glad to think that she was  
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more depressing than the ghastly pal-  
lor of the drawing-room.

They went up the uncarpeted stair-  
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whole length of the house, with a row  
of narrow windows looking westward,  
and a deep eaken seat in each window.  
Here there were family portraits of the  
usual character, one piece, half-  
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Naomi went eagerly to look at the  
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her mistress "a talkin' to herself," as she expressed it.

"I'm afraid that puddin' burnin' again," she says, as she comes into the room.

"Dear me! How forgetful I am getting to be. The puddin' won't be fit to eat, if it burns again." Some one knocks at the door at the opposite end of the room.

"Emily, please open the door and see who it is." Emily complies, and a young man, in a great coat, comes in at the door.

"Why, is it you, Mr. Graham? Come around by the door. Ain't it a bitter night to be out?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Owen. I have only a moment to stay. My wife has sent for a little Christmas present, and would have it brought to-night."

As he spoke, he uncovered a small basket which he carried, and taking out a neatly done up paper box, handed it to her.

"For me?" she asked, with both surprise and feeling in her voice. "I did not think any body thought enough for that. Tell your wife I am a thousand times obliged to her."

With the eagerness of a child, she untied the box and lifted the lid. It was only a little bunch of great flowers, done in some saphy work; blue and pink and white. But it was the handiwork of some one who thought of her while she was making them.

"It is very beautiful, tell your wife," but here she broke down completely, and sitting down in her low chair, covered her head with her coarse kitchen apron, and cried like a child.

"Your wife is the first person who has remembered me on Christmas Eve, in the last ten years," she said, when she could control her sobs. "I will remember her, and you, too, for it, John Graham."

But he was gone ere she looked up. "What did she say?" asked Nellie Graham, when her husband returned ten minutes later, his great coat white with the driven snow.

"Oh, Nellie, I would willingly walk two miles in the storm to see another such sight. Why she actually cried when she opened the box and saw what it was; and there was strong symptoms of tears in his own eyes as he told the story."

"Poor, old woman!" said Nellie, "she must be so lonely, with no relation in all the wide world to remember her at Christmas. I am so glad I sent it, John."

"So am I, Nell. But now let us look after our turkey for supper. Brown is coming to dine with us, and you know your weakness is to want everything just so."

"You naughty man! To make remarks about my weakness!" she answered with a playful slap of the bewitched face.

It was not many days after, but still long enough for John Graham to have forgotten the little incident of Christmas Eve, that Mrs. Owen sent for him.

He found her again in the little low seated kitchen, looking so sad and crooning softly to herself again the words of the old-time ballad.

Calling him into her sitting-room, she placed before him a large bundle of papers, which at the end of an hour's perusal he carried off with him to his office.

"Your little deed of kindness has borne fruit as hundred fold," he said to Nellie, when she had drawn him into their little sitting-room that night.

"What, John?" she says in wide-eyed wonder.

"You remember the little present you sent to Mrs. Owen, a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, to-day she sent for me and placed in my hands, business that will amount to several hundred dollars per year."

"Oh, John! And I was so because of my little present! I am so glad!"

The business was the agency for a large body of wild land which some of her relatives owned in an adjoining county. They had grown tired of managing it and had gone back to their native country, and now desired some honest, competent person to take charge of it, and if possible, effect a sale of it.

Not was this all the advantage that resulted to the young lawyer from the little kind-hearted act of his wife. A purchaser was found for the wild land, who retained him as an agent at an advanced salary. Capitalists came along, and then looking for investments in mineral and other lands. These stopped at Mrs. Owen's boarding house, and generally enquiring for an attorney, were always recommended to call upon John Graham. In this manner his business in the course of the next summer, was more than doubled. Other investments were made, and other agencies were created, all of which contributed to his income.

"And just to think, John, that all this good fortune came upon us by one little act, and that we never even thought of such a thing when we did it!"

"And don't you think, little woman, that the only true kindness is that of a heart's charity, seeking and expecting no reward?"

"You are right, John, as you always are."

The Philadelphia Times, reporting the arrival of the original Declaration of Independence at the Exhibition, says:

"The text of the document is as clear and distinct as when John Hancock and his associates, regardless of the threats of King George and his minions, put their state to the seal. But the vandals, in search of the same, have not been as friendly as old Father Time. In the course of the night the document was torn, and, in consequence, many of them have faded into empty space. John Hancock's name is dim and indistinct, but the signature of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, and others of equal fame have entirely disappeared. The best preserved signatures are those of John Sherman, Robert Treat Paine and Stephen Hopkins. The names of John Adams, Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Samuel Huntington and several others are very clear. Several experts have closely examined the document and expressed the opinion that the lost signatures could be restored by chemical agencies."

THERE is perhaps no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a drink as when it is needed to warm us higher than we expected in the course of others.

#### A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

There's a turned-down page, as some writer said.

In every human life, A hidden story of happy days Of peace and plenty dwells.

A faded leaf that the world knows not— A love dream which is faded, A story the world has forgot.

The faded records of a happy life, A story the world has forgot, A story the world has forgot.

There's a hidden page in each life, and mine, But the end is not of the dream of mine— A better rest than the world can give.

#### ANCHOR WATCH YARN.

##### A TRIP IN A SLAYER.—THE GUNNER'S STORY.

BY LIEUT. SMITH.

"Now then, Gunner, clear your pipes and reel off your yarn. Everything is snug on deck, and there is nothing to bother us."

"With all going into detail, I will merely state that I had been honorably discharged from the East Indian Navy, where I held the warrant of a gunner, and my pockets were bulging with rags."

"I at last fetched up on the banks of the Rio Nunez, on the west coast of Africa. I had no desire to remain on the coast, so when Captain Poillon commanding the clipper schooner 'Flying Fish,' offered me a passage to Cuba, I accepted at once. Poillon was an old hand at the trade, and well known to the officers of the African squadron, whom he had outwitted and outlasted many a time."

Without the slightest difficulty, the schooner dropped down the river, and waiting for a calm, equally night, worked over the bar and gained an offing without creating an alarm. This streak of good luck, as Poillon called it, put him in the best of humors, and he related numerous incidents of the trade, and the narrow escapes he had experienced.

When we had approached the ball-rock passage after a very fine run, the health of the cargo was excellent, and Poillon, with paper and pencil in the cabin, was busy working up his profits on the trip, which amounted to a big sum on paper, I can tell you.

The cry of 'Sail!' caused Poillon to drop his pencil and hurry to the fore-cabin, where he saw a dark shadow, which he took much of a head to see it was in a tight place, and the prize began to look small.

A headway was made, and in a moment we were coming down upon us with the speed of a sword-fish. The 'Flying Fish' had a clean pair of heels, which Poillon proceeded to make use of at once. We had the fresh trade winds whistling through our taut rigging, and every stitch of canvas was crowded on board. As soon as night shot the man-of-war out from our sight, we shortened sail, hauled up on the star-board tack and stood in for the high land of San Domingo. It was a trick of the trade, and in a moment we were dodged, even to the binnacle. As daylight dawned out, Poillon's worst fears realized, for the ship was the brig right in sight of us, jogging under easy sail. It was plain that she was well versed in slaver hunting. We were forced to keep off again, and she shot from her bows, and a cannon boom on the fresh sea breeze. Nearer and nearer came the iron monsters, and although the wind was dying out, Poillon's crew were determined to escape. The water was started and allowed to run through the scuppers, halcyons slacked up, the wedges to the partners hooked out, and in a moment all in vain. The shot from the two whistled about our ears, and finally several dead beams were saved in two, but all in vain. The shot from the two whistled about our ears, and finally several dead beams were saved in two, but all in vain. The shot from the two whistled about our ears, and finally several dead beams were saved in two, but all in vain.

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we in the schooner, with a fresh sea breeze, shaped a course for the American colony.

The slaves were a set of untamed and ferocious savages, captured for the purpose of being sold to the Captain of the Slave, prepared to go on board the brig, secured the Lieutenant that in case they should get the upper hand they would be ready to defend the ship.

They knew no difference between the white man as their captor, or our crew as their liberators. But we apprehended no danger from our colored friends as the hatchway was strongly guarded, and the slaves were further secured by shackles fastened to their legs, and made fast to iron rods running fore and aft the slave deck. Armed sentinels were stationed at the aperture in the grating over the main hatch, and every precaution taken against a surprise.

The brig-of-war was scarcely half down on the horizon when an alarming discovery was made. The slaves, before the schooner had reached the water, had taken to the water, and were barely visible on the horizon. They were not seen until they were within twenty rods of the schooner, and then they were seen to be swimming. They were not seen until they were within twenty rods of the schooner, and then they were seen to be swimming. They were not seen until they were within twenty rods of the schooner, and then they were seen to be swimming.

The day dawned without a cloud to be seen, and the schooner rose and fell on the long ocean swell. The sails flapped idly to and fro, the blue-crowned parrots were flying about the rigging, and the jaws of the gulls chafed impatiently as they swung around the masts. Not a breath of air ruffled the mirror like surface of the ocean, and stretched beneath the shade of the awning we gasped for a mouthful of fresh air while the dense fogs of the sun played about our heads.

Dishes of boiled rice and a small ration of water was served out to the slaves, and I formed one of the gang who went down to the provisions to them. Their condition was awful, and the atmosphere of the slave deck made me faint and sick as death. They were the most barbarous looking of men that I ever saw. They did not appear to have the power of speech, but used deep, strange sounding guttural. It was more like the chattering of monkeys, and they were so filthy and so filthy that I did not want to be near them. I was only too glad to escape from the foul and nauseating vapor that filled the air.

The second day passed in much the same manner without bringing the slightest relief. The schooner rocked motionless to and fro, and the atmosphere was like the air from a furnace. The last drop of water had been served out to the slaves, and with considerable anxiety we waited for the next day.

A headway was made, and in a moment we were coming down upon us with the speed of a sword-fish. The 'Flying Fish' had a clean pair of heels, which Poillon proceeded to make use of at once. We had the fresh trade winds whistling through our taut rigging, and every stitch of canvas was crowded on board. As soon as night shot the man-of-war out from our sight, we shortened sail, hauled up on the star-board tack and stood in for the high land of San Domingo. It was a trick of the trade, and in a moment we were dodged, even to the binnacle. As daylight dawned out, Poillon's worst fears realized, for the ship was the brig right in sight of us, jogging under easy sail. It was plain that she was well versed in slaver hunting. We were forced to keep off again, and she shot from her bows, and a cannon boom on the fresh sea breeze. Nearer and nearer came the iron monsters, and although the wind was dying out, Poillon's crew were determined to escape. The water was started and allowed to run through the scuppers, halcyons slacked up, the wedges to the partners hooked out, and in a moment all in vain. The shot from the two whistled about our ears, and finally several dead beams were saved in two, but all in vain. The shot from the two whistled about our ears, and finally several dead beams were saved in two, but all in vain.

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## 4



## NEW SPOTLIGHTS WANTED

Will some clear-headed, and right-headed editor use an opportunity now to "do good and make money" by looking up and printing the good things we are doing? It will present a pleasant picture, stimulate by example to better life, shame those who dawdle or protest and decrease the prevalent appetite for scandal, which grows by what it feeds on. Perhaps it can't be done this year. Presidential election, but after the country is saved once more, and the Mills men down, it will be possible.

"Two criminals were hanged at the New Castle jail on Saturday, these had previously publicly expiated in the

圖 3.2.3 圖 3.2.4 圖 3.2.5 圖 3.2.6

DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION

It greatly helps a feeling to express it. Furthermore, twice from home to home as the Stars and Stripes are displayed. Strangers from abroad shake hands with us, in their hearts at least as they see their national colors proudly shown in recognition of the presence and their union in our midst.

"In Patriotism and brotherhood we live under the combine that reflects from their ten thousand shining emblems. Although the opening of the Exhibition which called out the most profuse display, inasmuch, the flags keep the place and proclaim that we intend to 'make a year of it.'"

There is not a house in the land but would find well paying pleasure in the

THE RAINBOW'S SECRET

**A HARD CASE.**  
(See Disputing on Front Page.)

What now we do with this?"

Ah! if it were such friends only the we vainly cling to when the world un-  
lously or severely declines, "nothing on  
be done for them!"

## TRIED BY FIRM

In the evening I went to see Lord Almond. The windows of the elegant residence where he had lived for years were closed.

I looked up at the house—it had a deserted aspect.

2014年12月15日

I rang and was admitted. The porter into which I was shown was a small room and very comfortable, but much better than those offered by the hotel. It was well-to-do mechanic, or blacksmith, or carpenter's selection. But everything was in order and exceptionally neat.

I talked with the only a hearty chamberlain, when Mr. Atwood entered.

He looked somewhat careworn—his face was paler than when I last saw him; his eyes a little dulled, his smile less abundant.

The course of trial and suffering was plainly visible.

It would have been almost a miracle had it not been otherwise.

But he did not exhibit the aspect of a ruined man.

He grasped my hand warmly and said that he was pleased to look into the face of a friend. I told him my words were earnest.

OUR NATIVE BOMBS

some whatever. The secret of the power of a patriotic song is that it is

#### SIG TREES AT THE CENTENNIAL.

NOT THAT KIND OF A MAN

(see, for example, the other two found in

mountain is made up of atoms, and ships of little matters, and if the hold not together, the mountain shelled into dust.

**CENTENNIAL NEWS**

It was a lovely day with  
in an old-fashioned kitchen, too.  
a lot of brown bread,  
and up for company in real old-fashioned







For this exercise, the number of hours per week

[illegible]

works at Brooklyn, having lost some of their best men, through a failure to pay

The 20th of August proved a foggy day, and the British entrenched so close to the American works that the sound of muskets could be heard by both armies from their outposts. On the night of the 20th, Washington again withdrew.

portious and responsible duty of suc-

assigned to General Mifflin's movement was a  
sine, whose Washington called down  
from the forts on the Hudson. Mifflin  
was so much affected by the gravity of the  
gravity of the situation, that he felt it his  
duty of his Pennsylvania militia to be  
every out work within pistol shot of the  
enemy, and keep up the appearance of  
strength, and to be ready to move at a  
moment's notice. He was, however,  
was unembarked, then withdrew as he  
could. (Only soldiers can know what  
a risk they had accepted. The men  
were so much affected by the gravity of  
before all the other troops had been  
in the boats, Lieutenant Shammell, was  
Washington's aid, who had been sent back  
to the city, to inform the general of the  
order to General Mifflin to leave the  
city. He was, however, so much  
suspecting any mistake, General Mifflin  
quietly and expeditiously withdrew to the  
city, where he met General Washington.  
The letter was anonymous and was  
painfully "General Mifflin, I have  
been retained on by withdrawing as you  
ordered. I am much disappointed to see  
"I did it by your order, and I am  
sharp words followed, then an explosion  
which made plain's Shammell's mis-  
takes, and the general's own courage  
back again to their boats, and  
they held until all had been unembarked, and  
they came off in the best order.

some one the worthless officers of the army, and should make their measure good to every true American.

This is the history of the battle of Long Island, supported by official documents. It must be read by every Pennsylvanian stood on the field at the beginning, the middle and the end of it, and if it did prove a terrible blunder of disaster, those things come through fault of theirs. The world may not be challenged to produce a brighter campaign, gallantry and devotion than the Long Island campaign. The world is astounded in that bloody conflict, a marvelous escape. Let nothing be in derogation from the merits of our brave men, but let Pennsylvania have her due honor, a jewel which signing hands have, for a century

WHAT we do for ourselves, will also be forgotten; what we do for others may be the vision to cheer the heart when the eye can no longer behold loved ones.

POWER OF THE HAND.

It may be going too far to say that we may judge the character of his life by the manner in which he "shakes hands." But there is certainly a significance in those happy members of a body which "he who runs may read." The creator of "Urtah Heep" is taught us not to trust the owners' limp, moist hands, which close cord on nothing save their own possession.

in the clutch of the hand of death, which warms or chills my heart, makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me. If the fingers close about one with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, one knows that he should snap, and snap he will, and that the less one has to do with the owner of those digits, the better off I shall be. If the nervous, cold hand glides into my own and seems disposed to lie there, with life, I know at once that all my happiness could be as nothing in that warm palm. But if the hand grasps you as a hand should, firmly, in strong, warm fingers, you are at once convinced of the friendship of the owner. These hands! hands! From the beginning of life to play an important part.

All the goodness on earth has lain  
in the hollow of a hand. The books,  
music, the pictures, the wonders  
of the imagination, the loftiness of mor-  
alism, the mysticism, science and  
government of countries, with their  
god-like beauties of color, sound,  
rhythm, confidence, progression and  
dom, have lain within a human  
hand. The highest aspirations and realizations  
of the brain are brought to light through  
the hand, and the tenderest love  
charity of the heart makes the hand the  
dispensator. The hand tenderly  
rests of comfort and repose and yet  
cruel and full of venom as the vice of  
asp. And with all their power,  
their charity, their creation,  
their tender touch, their minister-  
ing to the needs of the world, the  
hands are faded at last, and those

[illegible]







## PERSONALITIES. CORRESPONDENCE.

**LEADS.—**LEADS L.—There are two kinds of one made by hand, one called *point* or *needle*, and the other *pillow lace*. The former is made with the needle on a parchment pattern, from which it is detached when the work is finished, and the term "*point*" is also applied to one produced by a particular stitch. Pillow lace is so called from the pillow, or cushion, on

Worked on the pillow, and afterwards is adhered to the groundwork with the needle. The pillowcase is a pillow lace, and derives its name from having its first made in the city of that name, though it is no longer manufactured there, but in Flanders.

[illegible]

WINDOW GLASS. I H. B.—It is known, of course, that glass was first used for windows and by whom? Please enlighten us on this point. It is said by some to have been used as early as the fifth or sixth century in some of the churches in Italy, but it was not until the eleventh century that glass windows were seen in England. Previous to that time, shutters made of wood, stained like cloth, or paper pasted in oil, were in fashion, and continued to

[illegible]

home, and I reported to the most influential lawyer. Moore constantly accused her ignorance, but was condemned to death, and notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to obtain a stay of execution, the relatives of Moore, who was executed, along with her relations, on Sept. 11, 1900.

very considerate manner in writing to explain what had occurred, and you have no reason whatever to reproach yourself for having done so.

We cannot say so much, however, for the gentleman, who in trusting your letter with such extraordinary confidence, had not asked a "question" ought to have done so.

HUMPHREY L. W. - DE BOSTON. According to the provisions of the Soldiers' Homestead Law, any soldier who has been honorably discharged from the army can enter the acres of government land the title to which still matures five years from date of entry, provided he settles thereon so soon as he is discharged.

Five years' absence, the application on the land, the land reverts to the government, and it has no power or right to sell or transfer its title, which in point of law he does not, and will not possess until the five years have expired. By a recent ruling of the Secretary of the Interior, the time of absence may be longer if entitled to be made by attorney or by power of attorney. In future all persons entitled to enter homesteads under this law, are required to make their applications in person, with due proof of identity, at the land office of the department, and to comply with all the requirements of the affidavit required by the regulations of the department upon such application must be made before the register or recorder of the

[illegible]

not and best to about twenty five degrees on either side and it has been found from observations taken about 10 years in advance that any significant variations in the temperature north of the whole subject of forecasting the weather and its causes and effects is as yet, comparatively speaking, no little unknown, that any hypothesis such as the foregoing, cannot be accepted as thoroughly satisfactory. As for instance, the variation of the speed of any wind is constant, but the changes even in the course of the wind, and sometimes even in the amount of wind, are variations that come at times. We have never been able to

designed for this somewhat erratic movement of the seed.

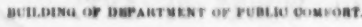
**CRABAPPLE HEDDIE, NICHOLSON, —** I shall be very much obliged for some recipe for removing grasses and other stuff from marble. I have been walking around among my neighbours but none of them can tell me! An old girl mixed with a quarter of a pound of oil of soap-boiler's lye, and six eighth of a pound of oil of turpentine, with enough of pine oil or turp added to form a paste, brushed over the marble, and recut it.

and afterwards washed off, will usually remove stains after one or two applications. Should the spots be caused by oil or grease, first apply common clay saturated with benzine to them. Ink or lead would only be removed by a mixture of half an ounce of butter of antimony, and an ounce of acetic acid, dissolved in a pint of rain water, and thereafter thickened with starch or flour, to bring to the consistency of thick cream. Lay this evenly over the spots.

**VINEGAR**—Vinegar could be used for cleaning and refreshing black shoes. After washing in either cold or hot water, a solution of one part vinegar to three parts water should be rubbed into the shoes.

It is the postal registration fee in itself that is additional to the postage. A 10¢ fee that is no more over for the paper than we know of. You had better think it more responsible payment to someone rather than someone else. If you want you should call on your friend after you have received the invitation to be sure you are. And your own feelings be your own guide.

1



during the visit, my sister made a casual remark, which was taken up by him as though he had insulted, although it was by no means so intended. After he left, I felt sorry for him, and wrote him, apologizing, and assuring him that no offense was ever dreamed of, but I have never received any answer from him, and he has been to see me since. Please tell me if I acted in any way unbecomingly or forward in writing as I did, and what you think of his conduct? You acted in a perfect ladylike and

very considerate manner in writing to explain what had occurred, and you have no reason whatever to reproach yourself for having done so.

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**POWNBROOKER'S SIGNS.**—H. A. M.—The three balls which constitute the pownbroker's sign were formerly the armorial bearings of the Medici, upon whose countenance was the device of three golden pills (three *beacons* or, some called them); this family were the first great money-lenders; whence their agents in England and other countries, displaying their armorial bearings over their places of loaning, others in the same line adopted the heraldic device. It had been incidentally suggested by some one, that the emblem the pownbroker's sign of three balls (the one above the two) is, that it is true, one that the *valence* over takes out the

**MAGNETIC NEEDLE**—ARTHUR MCGONAGLE  
"Does the magnetic needle really change, and not point to the north all the time? If so, how is it accounted for? Yes, the needle has what is called a declination or variation from the line forming the true north and south points of the horizon, and this is constantly varying. In 1581 it was found to be  $11^{\circ} 12'$  E. of the true north; in 1655 it was only  $4^{\circ} 45'$  E. In 1655, it was found to be  $34^{\circ} 30'$  E. and in 1855,  $14^{\circ} 12'$  W. Scientists now have now come to the opinion that the declination varies alternately to the

not and best to about twenty five degrees on either side and it has been found from observations taken about 10 years in advance that any significant variations in the temperature north of the whole subject of forecasting the weather and its causes and effects is as yet, comparatively speaking, no little unknown, that any hypothesis such as the foregoing, cannot be accepted as thoroughly satisfactory. As for instance, the variation of the speed of any wind is constant, but the changes even in the course of the wind, and sometimes even in the amount of wind, are variations that come at times. We have never been able to

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**VINEGAR**—Vinegar could be used for cleaning and refreshing black shoes. After washing in either cold or lukewarm water, a solution of one part vinegar to three parts water should be applied with a brush, and let it remain a few days. If the stain still appears after this has been washed off, repeat the process. There are some spots that can never be perfectly removed, and others again that injure the finish of the leather in the process of a restoration.

It is the postal registration fee in itself that is additional to the postage. A 10¢ fee that is no more over for the paper than we know of. You had better believe it some responsible person or persons rather than strangers. I will be sure you paid a call on them after you received the invitation to be sure you were. And your own feelings be your own guide.

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